TV COMIC

holiday special

1'6d

Fun, thrills & puzzles

TV COMIC
HOLIDAY SPECIAL

****

A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Dear Readers,

We hope you enjoy this new TV Comic Holiday Special.

All your TV Comic pals are here, including Basil Brush, Ken Dodd's Diddymen, Laurel and Hardy, The Keystone Kops, Dr. Who and many others. There's also a super story of The Avengers to provide the thrills.

If you are not already a regular reader of TV Comic each week, be sure to place an order with your newsagent, or you may find he has sold out of his supply.

Do it NOW, then you will be able to enjoy a feast of fun and thrills EVERY WEEK.

Best wishes from, *The Editor*

B. GLEMNARD

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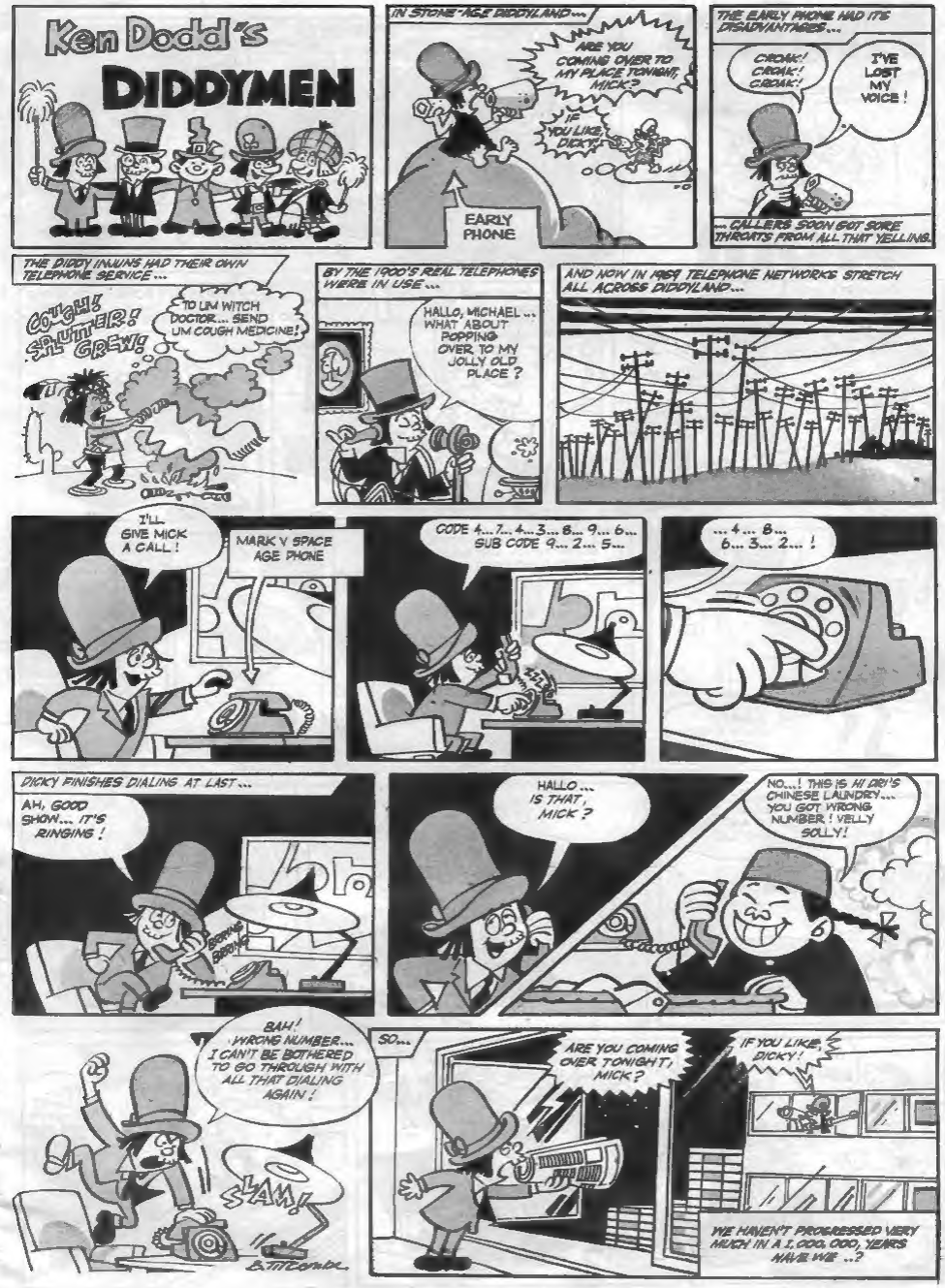
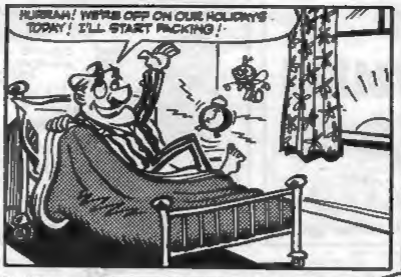

Ken Dodd's
DIDDYMEN
IN STONE-AGE DIDDYLAND...
ARE YOU COMING OVER TO MY PLACE TONIGHT, MICK?
IF YOU LIKE, DICKY!
EARLY PHONE
THE EARLY PHONE HAD ITS DISADVANTAGES...
CRONK! CRONK! CRONK!
I'VE LOST MY VOICE!
... CALLERS SOON GOT SORE THROATS FROM ALL THAT YELLING.
THE DIDDY INJUNS HAD THEIR OWN TELEPHONE SERVICE...
COUGH! SPLUTTER! GREW!
TO UM WITCH DOCTOR... SEND UM COUGH MEDICINE!
BY THE 1900'S REAL TELEPHONES WERE IN USE...
HALLO, MICHAEL... WHAT ABOUT POPPING OVER TO MY JOLLY OLD PLACE?
AND NOW IN 1969 TELEPHONE NETWORKS STRETCH ALL ACROSS DIDDYLAND...
I'LL GIVE MICK A CALL!
MARK V SPACE AGE PHONE
CODE 4... 7... 4... 3... 8... 9... 6... SUB CODE 9... 2... 5...
... 4... 8... 6... 3... 2... !
DICKY FINISHES DIALING AT LAST...
AH, GOOD SHOW... IT'S RINGING!
BRRRR BRRRR
HALLO... IS THAT, MICK?
NO...! THIS IS HI DI'S CHINESE LAUNDRY... YOU GOT WRONG NUMBER! VELLY SOLLY!
BAH! WRONG NUMBER... I CAN'T BE BOTHERED TO GO THROUGH WITH ALL THAT DIALING AGAIN!
SLAM!
SO...
ARE YOU COMING OVER TONIGHT, MICK?
IF YOU LIKE, DICKY!
WE HAVEN'T PROGRESSED VERY MUCH IN A 1,000,000 YEARS HAVE WE ...?

Mighty Moth


HURRAH! WE'RE OFF ON OUR HOLIDAYS TODAY! I'LL START PACKING!

HOORAY! I CAN'T WAIT TO GET DOWN TO BRINYBEACH AGAIN!

NOT YOU, PEST! JUST MA AND ME!

LATER...
THAT'S THE PACKING NEARLY DONE. I'LL GET MY JACKET!
OH, LET ME COME WITH YOU, DAD? GO ON, DAD? EH, DAD?

SO-
AH, THERE'S SOME ROOM IN THE CAGE. I'LL TAKE SOME NICE FRESH EGGS WITH US!
EGGS

MEANWHILE...
I KNOW - I'LL HIDE IN THE SUITCASE!
I BET I KNOW WHERE HE'S GOING!

I THINK DAD SUSPECTS SOMETHING. MAYBE I'D BETTER NOT GET IN!
EGGS

HE'S HAD TIME TO SETTLE DOWN IN THE CAGE!

AH, WELL, I'D BETTER SIT ON THE CASE AND CLOSE THAT LID!

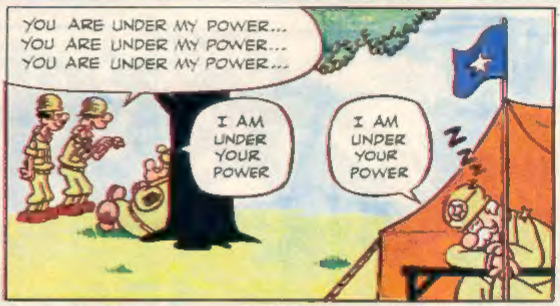
SO!
SQUELCH!

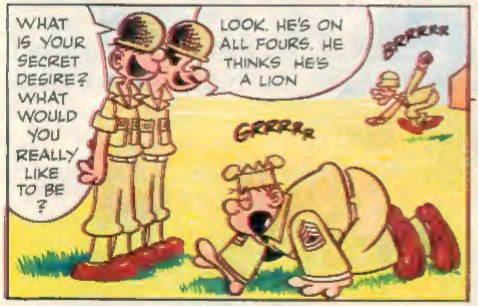
MY EGGS!
EGGS?

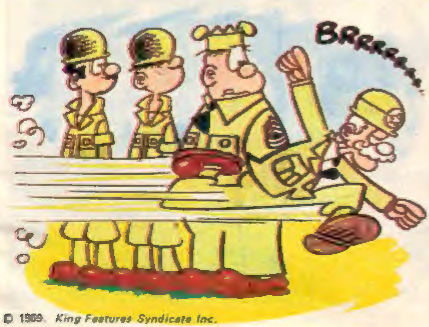
LET ME GET MY HANDS ON YOU!
THIS IS YOUR FAULT!
I'M OFF!

WELL AT LEAST WE WON'T MISS OUR TRAIN!
TO THE STATION

beetle bailey®







THEY TELL ME YOU WERE RUNNING UP AND DOWN THE AIR-STRIP CALLING FOR CLEARANCE
DRAT IT! I'M AN AIRPLANE! HAVE YOU ALL GONE CRAZY?

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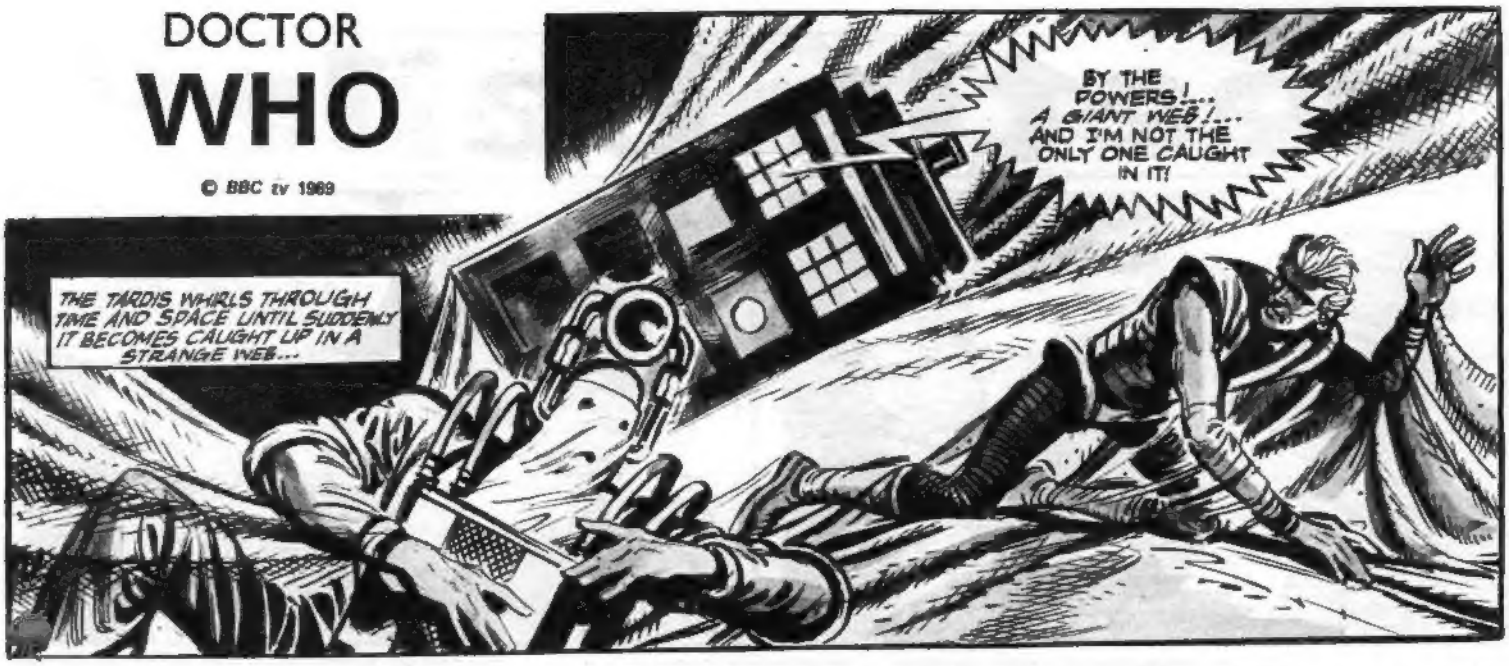
DOCTOR WHO

© BBC tv 1969


THE TARDIS WHIRLS THROUGH TIME AND SPACE UNTIL SUDDENLY IT BECOMES CAUGHT UP IN A STRANGE WEB...
BY THE POWERS!... A GIANT WEB!... AND I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE CAUGHT IN IT!

THE WEB CATCHES SPACE CREATURES LIKE YOURSELVES WHO ARE PASSING THROUGH TIME!
OUR NATIONAL SPORT IS WRESTLING... WE FIND THE WEB IS THE BEST WAY TO GET INTERESTING OPPONENTS FOR OUR WRESTLERS!

... HEY PRESTO!
HURRAH!
UH!
THONK!

THERE IS NO ALTERNATIVE BUT TO NAME THE EARTH CREATURE OUR NEW CHAMPION... WHO WILL FIGHT HIM?

I W-I-L-L!
OH, NO!... NOT THE CYBERMAN!
WHAT A GREAT MATCH!

SO THE CONTEST BEGINS...
THIS IS GOING TO BE A DEADLY AFFAIR!

KRAK!
AH!

DR. WHO TAKES ADVANTAGE OF BEING ON THE FLOOR...
JUST A NUDGE TO PITCH HIM FORWARD!
UR!

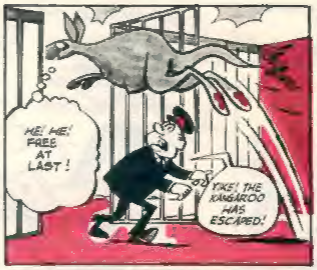
I THINK HE'LL BE TOO TIED UP TO FIGHT ME NOW!
THE EARTH CREATURE IS SUPREME!
UH!

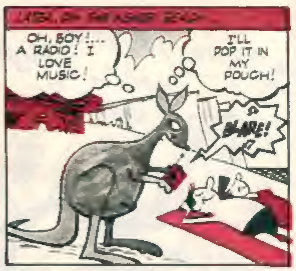
LATER...
RARELY HAVE WE BEEN SO ENTERTAINED... YOU HAVE EARNED YOUR FREEDOM! GO IN PEACE!
PHEW! I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE THE TARDIS AGAIN!

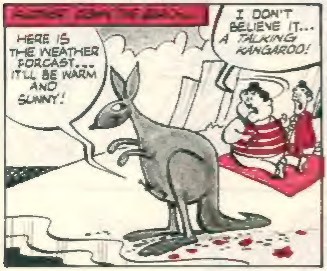
Larry Harmon's

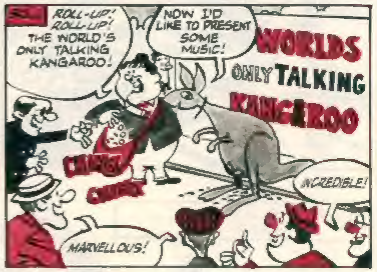
LAUREL and HARDY

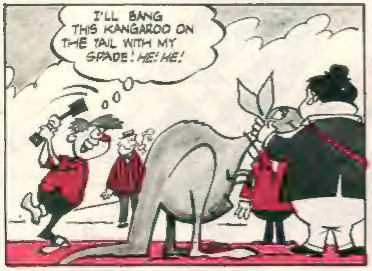
© 1969. Larry Harmon Pictures Corporation

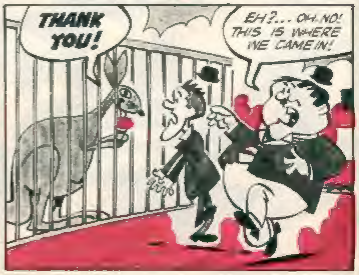












Spot the difference!

The second picture is different from the first in 12 ways. Can you spot them?

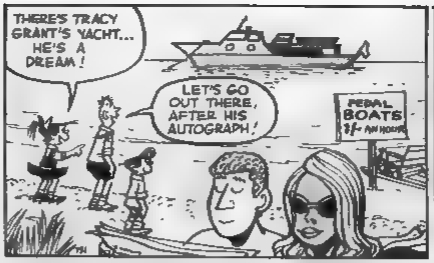
ANSWERS

1 The hut on the left has no door. 2. Lamppost is missing. 3. Boy on the left has no spade. 4. No dots on man's handkerchief. 5. The ball has been moved. 6. Blanket under saddle is white. 7. Studs missing from Donkey's reins. 8-10. Three children's costumes altered. 11-12. Two seagulls are missing

Bob Monkhouse's MAD MOVIES *featuring the Keystone Kops*

Rights granted by Raymond Rohauer, owner and assignee of Estate of Mack Sennett

TV Terrors


THERE'S TRACY GRANT'S YACHT... HE'S A DREAM!
LET'S GO OUT THERE, AFTER HIS AUTOGRAPH!
PEDAL BOATS 2/- AN HOUR

NOT FAR NOW, KEEP PADDLING, KIDS!

MEANWHILE...
THIS IS AN IMPORTANT MISSION, HOPPIT. TRACY GRANT IS WORTH A LOT OF MONEY TO MY TELEVISION COMPANY! WE MUST KEEP THE FANS OFF HIM!
AYE, AYE, SIR!

LOOK THERE!... IT'S THE TERRORS! I'LL TIE 'EM TO THE YARD ARM!
NO! NO!.. USE THE TORPEDO!

NUMBER ONE TORPEDO ON TARGET ... FIRE!

WATCH OUT, KIDS, WE'RE FOR IT!

QUICK, SHIFT THE BOAT SO THAT THE TORPEDO GOES BETWEEN THE FLOATS!

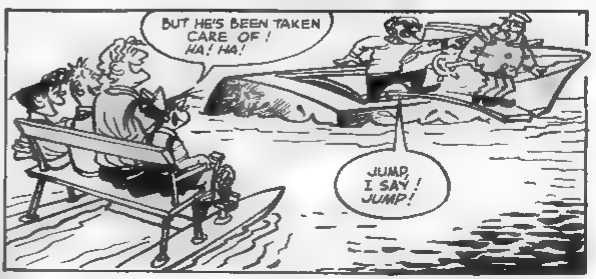
PHEW! WHAT A CLOSE SHAVE!

BUT LOOK, IT'S HEADED FOR TRACY GRANT'S YACHT!

WHUUMPH!
BOOM!

WE'VE GOT YOU, TRACY!
SURE GRATEFUL TO YOU, KIDS!

BY THE WAY, WHO WAS THE IDIOT THAT BLEW MY YACHT UP?
THAT WAS HOPPIT!


BUT HE'S BEEN TAKEN CARE OF! HA! HA!
JUMP, I SAY! JUMP!

POPEYE
BLOW ME DOWN! I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
?
WIMPY NEVER READS ANYTHING BUT MENUS, NOW HE'S A BOOK WORM! RIDIKILLS! COME ON, OLIVE, LET'S EAT!
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WIMPY. HE JUST AIN'T THE INTELLEKUAL TYPE.
HAM
POPEYE! LOOK OUT OF THE WINDOW!
YIKE! HE'S GOT EVEN MORE BOOKS THIS TIME!
HMMM... THERE IS MORE TO THIS THAN A SUDDEN THIRSK FER KNOWLEDGE...
... MORE LIKE HUNGER... COME ON, OLIVE I HAS AN INKLING!
JUST AS I THOUGHT! WITH WIMPY THERE'S FOOD BEHIND EVERYTH NG!
A FREE HAMBURGER WITH EVERY BOOK YOU BUY
AHOY WIMPY! I SEE YOU 'S GOIN TO READ, LEARN AN'INWARDLY DIGEST. ARF, ARF.

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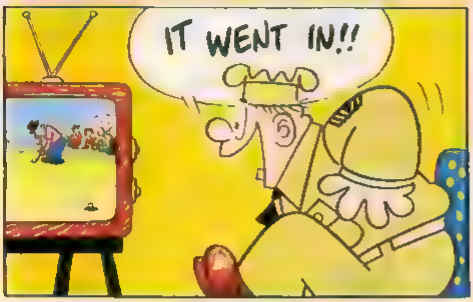
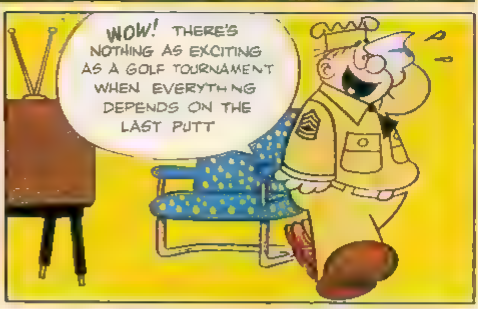
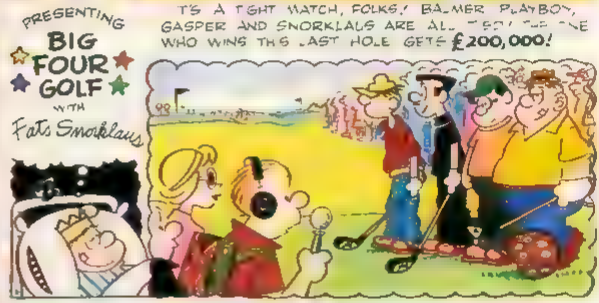
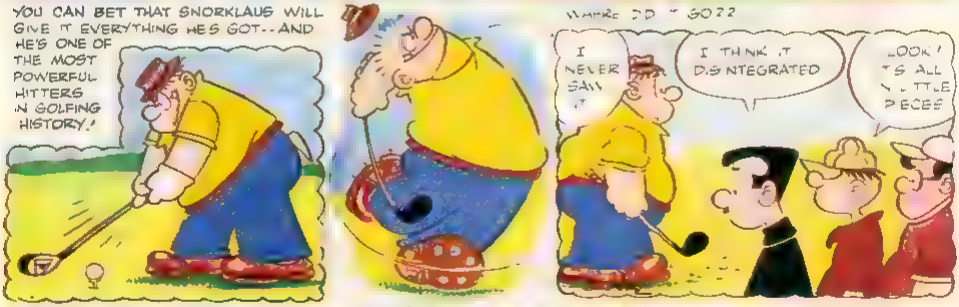
beetle bailey






PRESENTING
BIG FOUR GOLF
WITH
Fats Snorklaus
IT'S A TIGHT MATCH, FOLKS! BALMER PLAYBOY, GASPER AND SNORKLAUS ARE ALL TIED FOR THE ONE WHO WINS THIS LAST HOLE GETS £200,000!


YOU CAN BET THAT SNORKLAUS WILL GIVE IT EVERYTHING HE'S GOT--AND HE'S ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL HITTERS IN GOLFING HISTORY!
WHERE'D IT GO??
I NEVER SAW IT
I THINK IT DISINTEGRATED
LOOK! IT'S ALL LITTLE PIECES

THE BALL WAS DAMAGED WHEN YOU STARTED THE RULE SAYS YOU HAVE TO FINISH WITH THE SAME BALL..
OFFICIAL
RULES
I KNOW SOMETIMES MY DREAMS ARE A LITTLE HARD TO BELIEVE

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Pick of the HOLIDAY JOKES

Basil Brush

WHAT A MARVELLOUS DAY FOR A JOLLY OLD SWIM, EH CHUMMERS?

SWIMMING POOL

YES, GUY... (PANT) JUST THE WAY TO COOL OFF IN THIS HEAT!

WHAT GUY? CAN'T YOU SWIM?

NO, CHUMMERS! (PUFF) BUT I DON'T NEED TO (PUFF) WHEN I'M WEARING MY WATER-WINGS!

H'EVERYONE SHOULD BE HABLE TO SWIM, GUY... ESPECIB, AMF-AMF, YOU'LL DO YERSELF A H'INJURY BLOWIN' 'EM H'UP!

LIFE GUARD

GREAT SNIGGERING SERVANTS! FOR THAT, YOU CAN HELP ME. HERE!

ERRR!... DON'T YOU THINK IT'D BE A GOOD H'IDEA TO TAKE SOME SWIMMING LESSONS H'INSTEAD, GUY?

NO! AND AS FOR YOU, CHUMMERS ... BLOW!

IT'S NO GOOD, GUY... I'VE NO BLOW LEFT. BUT

NOW WHAT ARE YOU UP TO, CHUMMERS?

JUST THE TICKET! WE CAN FILL 'EM H'UP A TREAT WITH THIS GAS CYLINDER!

ERRR... STEADY, CHUMMERS ... DON'T ERRR ... OVERDO IT!

GREAT ANGRY AVIATORS! I KNEW YOU'D OVERDO IT... OOER... NOW WHAT DO I DO?

QUICK, GUY! LET SOME OF THE GAS ESCAPE. BEFORE YOU FLOAT H'AWAY!

OOOOOOOHELP! NOW I'VE OVERDONE IT!

SPLASH

QUICK, CHUMMERS! A LIFEBELT! I CAN'T SWIM!

GREAT SPEEDING SWIMMER, I'M MOVING... BUT WHO'S DOING THE PUSHING?

IT'S ALL RIGHT, GUY! YOU'RE BEING PROPELLED H'ALONG BY THE H'ESCAPING GAS!

LET THAT BE A LESSON TO YOU, GUY! YOU'D BETTER TAKE SOME SWIMMING LESSONS, 'COS YOU CAN'T TAKE CHANCES WITH WATER!

GREAT FLOUNDERING FOXES! YOU'RE RIGHT, (PUFF) BUT WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, CHUMMERS?

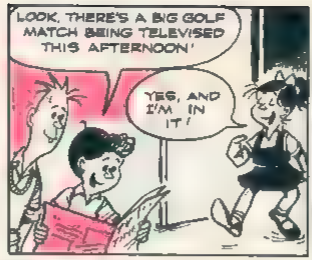
THE WAY THAT GAS PUSHED YOU ALONG GUY, 'AS GIVEN ME AN H'IDEA. WE'RE GOING TO 'AVE SOME FUN!

LIFEGUARD

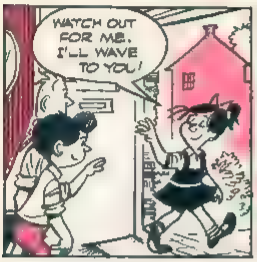
(PUFF) IT'S ALL RIGHT FOR YOU, CHUMMERS... WHAT A LAZY WAY TO SPEND THE SUMMER!

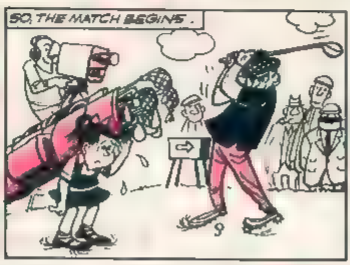
NEVER MIND, GUY. KEEP IT H'UP. AMF-HEE! AND YOU'LL SOON BE H'ABLE TO SWIM -- AND JOIN US!

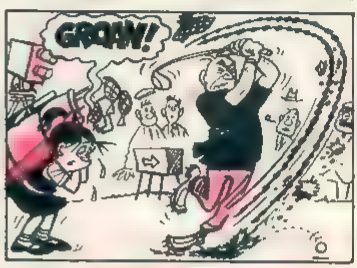
TV Terrors

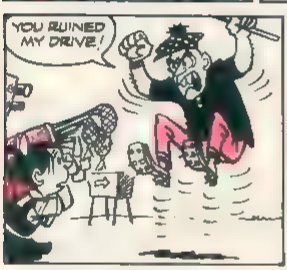

LOOK, THERE'S A BIG GOLF MATCH BEING TELEVISED THIS AFTERNOON!
YES, AND I'M IN IT!

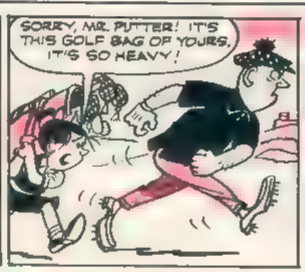
DON'T BE DAFT! YOU CAN'T PLAY GOLF!
I KNOW, BUT I'VE GOT A JOB AS CADDIE TO PETE PUTTER, THE CHAMPION!

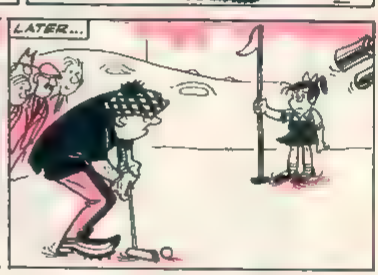

WATCH OUT FOR ME. I'LL WAVE TO YOU!

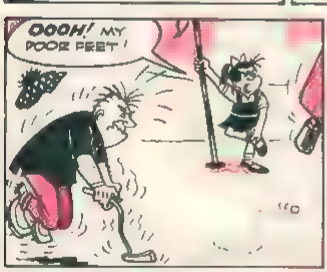

SO, THE MATCH BEGINS.

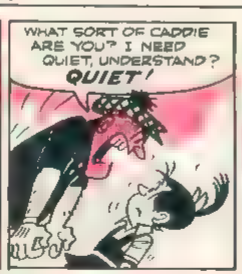

GROAN!

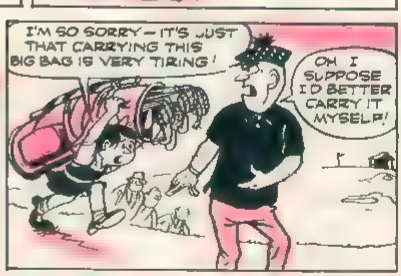

YOU RUINED MY DRIVE!

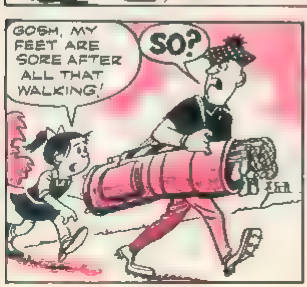

SORRY, MR. PUTTER! IT'S THIS GOLF BAG OF YOURS, IT'S SO HEAVY!


LATER...

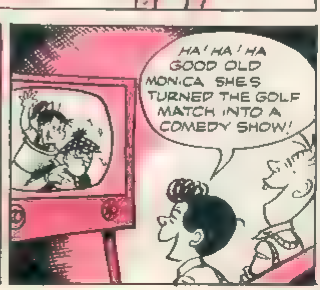

OOOH! MY POOR FEET!


WHAT SORT OF CADDIE ARE YOU? I NEED QUIET, UNDERSTAND? QUIET!


I'M SO SORRY — IT'S JUST THAT CARRYING THIS BIG BAG IS VERY TIRING!
OH I SUPPOSE I'D BETTER CARRY IT MYSELF!


GOSH, MY FEET ARE SORE AFTER ALL THAT WALKING!
SO?

SO!
YOOHOO!


HA! HA! HA GOOD OLD MONICA SHE'S TURNED THE GOLF MATCH INTO A COMEDY SHOW!

Bob Monkhouse's MAD MOVIES featuring the Keystone Kops

IT'D BE A FEATHER IN OUR CAPS IF WE COULD KATCH LUMBERJACK LEN, BOYS!
WANTED LUMBERJACK LEN
A LITTLE LATER...
WANTED LUMBERJACK LEN
A WANTED POSTER, EH? I'LL SOON GET RID OF THAT!
HOW'S THAT? HAW! HAW!
SLICE!
LATER...
HUH! LEN DOESN'T TEAR DOWN HIS WANTED POSTER LIKE MOST VILLAINS... HE FELLS THE TREE IT'S STUCK ON!
BACK IN TOWN...
HEY YOU! C'MERE...
WOW! IT'S BIG JIM MONEYBAGS... AND HE WANTS TO TALK TO ME!
I'VE JUST BOUGHT THAT LAND OUT THERE AND I WANT TO GET RID OF ALL THOSE TREES... D'YA KNOW ANYBODY THAT'D DO IT FOR A HUNDRED BUCKS?
CERTAINLY DO... ME!
I'LL HAVE 'EM ALL CHOPPED DOWN BY TOMORROW MORNING!
WELL IF YOU MANAGE IT MY $100 WILL BE WAITING FOR YOU!
SO THAT NIGHT...
STICK LUMBERJACK LEN POSTERS ON EVERY TREE, MEN!
WANTED LUMBERJACK LEN
PASTE
AN HOUR LATER...
OKAY... LET'S GO... WE CAN LEAVE THE REST TO LEN! HAW! HAW!
IN THE MORNING...
FUME!
A FOREST FULL OF PERSHING POSTERS! GRRR!
CHOP!
SWIPE!
SLICE!
CHARGE! TIMBER!
TWO HOURS LATER...
LEN IS TOO EXHAUSTED TO RESIST ARREST AND WE'VE EARNED ENOUGH KASH FOR A SLAP-UP FEED!
CLICK!
YOU'RE A TREEMENDOUSLY KLEVER KOPPER, CHIEFY!

Rights granted by Raymond Rohauer owner and assignee of Estate of Mack Sennett

AVENGERS

JOHN STEED and Tara King watched the strange scene through the lookout panel of the bathyscaphe they were in as it descended through the dark, green-black waters of Scapa Flow in the Orkney Islands.

Powerful searchlights from their craft probed the inky blackness and shone on the barnacle-covered hulk of an old battleship that lay, almost buried in a jungle of weed, on the sea floor. It was an old German ironclad that had been scuttled there in 1918.

For some moments the bathyscaphe hovered above the great vessel. Then a huge hatch yawned open on the warship's main deck and the bathyscaphe continued its descent into the very heart of the ship.

With a slight bump the metal sphere came to rest. An airlock door slid open—and Steed and Tara stepped out into a brightly-lit and carpeted corridor.

They were in a top secret headquarters of the Admiralty and a Wren officer was there to greet them.

"Mother is expecting you," she said. "This way please."

They were taken to a large, well-equipped room where Mother, the head of the secret service organisation they worked for, and senior officers of the navy awaited them.

"I had to recall you from leave," snapped Mother irritably. "Something urgent has come up."

"And bang goes our holiday," complained Tara, but Mother only glared at her.

"The directors of a company called Marine Electronics have hired a yacht and invited two of Britain's leading radar scientists for a cruise," he continued. "They are to watch a demonstration of a new underwater television system the company has developed."

"Of great use for convoy defence!" put in a naval officer eagerly.

Steed smiled. "Then where's the trouble?" he asked.

"The trouble," said Mother grimly, "is that the directors of Marine Electronics are men of mystery. All efforts by naval intelligence to discover who they are have failed!"

He paused and handed Steed a photograph.

"All they obtained was this. A picture of a board meeting of the directors taken with a zoom-lens camera from another office block."

The photograph was of a large office, where several men sat at a long table. But at the head of the table sat a most extraordinary character—a man wearing flowing robes, a large crown, and a great bushy beard that almost concealed his face. In one hand he held a trident fork.

"Goodness, it's Father Neptune!" gasped Tara.

"No, Miss King," corrected Mother. "The managing director of the company."

"H'mm . . ." said Steed thoughtfully. "Men we don't know and the King of the Sea . . . how very strange!"

"Precisely!" snapped Mother. "Of course it may be that the managing director is just a little odd, but the importance of our scientists is too great to take any chances."

"So you want us to go on the cruise as watchdogs for your boffins, eh?" asked Steed.

"Exactly!" said Mother. "The yacht needs extra crew for the voyage. I've arranged that you and Miss King are to sign on as ship's cook and stewardess."

As usual, Mother's preparations had been very thorough. A Royal Navy helicopter flew Steed and Tara across Scotland, and by that evening they were aboard a large seagoing luxury yacht that lay at anchor in the calm waters of the Kyle of Lochalsh.

An hour later when the yacht sailed, Steed, dressed in a tall, white chef's hat and an apron, was busy with pots and pans in the galley preparing dinner.

A few minutes later Tara entered and sniffed happily. "Mmm . . . smells delicious!" she said. "Whatever is it, Steed?"

"Philadelphian Fricassee a la John Steed . . . or Stew if you prefer the more usual name," grinned Steed. "Any sign of Father Neptune and his merry men yet?"

"He's with three of his directors and our two boffins in the wardroom," replied Tara. "They're waiting for

dinner to be served, but the odd thing is, there's no sign of the other three directors—and I'm sure they're not in their cabins!"

Steed frowned. "Curious," he said. "I wonder where they are? Come on, Miss King, I think it's time we dished up the jolly old soup and found out if anything is going on."

But as Steed and Tara wheeled their laden trolley to the wardroom, other figures were moving stealthily in the shadows.

Two men were creeping silently up the ladder to the bridge. Another, with gun in hand, was moving cautiously down to the engine room.

Steed and Tara pushed their trolley into the wardroom, then froze in their tracks. The two scientists, Professor Lovegrove and Doctor Pilkington, were seated at table as motionless as waxworks. Facing them sat the three directors with guns in their hands.

Father Neptune was at the head of the table.

"You may serve dinner," he said smoothly. "Though I fear our guests may have lost their appetites... and don't attempt any foolish actions, my men have already taken over this ship."

There was nothing Steed or Tara could do but obey, and as they served the soup Father Neptune gave a mirthless chuckle.

"You deserve an explanation," he said, "but first I will abandon my disguise."

With a quick movement he removed his crown, wig, and false beard and revealed his cold, ruthless face.

"Croza!" exclaimed Steed. "Ludovick Croza! International Agent Number One!"

"You know this man?" gasped Tara.

"We crossed swords in Istanbul some years ago," said Steed softly. "I upset his fiendish scheme, but he managed to slip the net and vanish."

Croza's eyes gleamed wickedly.

"I haven't forgotten," he snarled, "but this time nothing can go wrong. A foreign government will pay highly for these scientists and also I will even the score with you, Steed!"

Steed thought fast. Their only chance was to discover just what Croza planned.

"You sound confident, Ludovick," he taunted, "perhaps too confident?"

As he had hoped, Croza took the bait.

"My plan is a masterpiece," he boasted. "Come, you shall see for yourselves."

At gun-point, Steed, Tara, and the scientists were herded from the wardroom and Croza led the way down a corridor.

"You can expect no help from the captain and crew," he crowed. "They are already imprisoned in the hold."

With that, he unlocked a cabin door and ordered them to enter.

Inside the cabin stood a very strange piece of apparatus, something like an enormous television set which had dozens of knobs, dials, and switches.

"Is this the super new television system?" asked Tara, as she approached it cautiously.

"No, my dear," laughed Croza. "Sorry to disappoint you, but this is a fake. It was just to lure the good professor and doctor aboard."

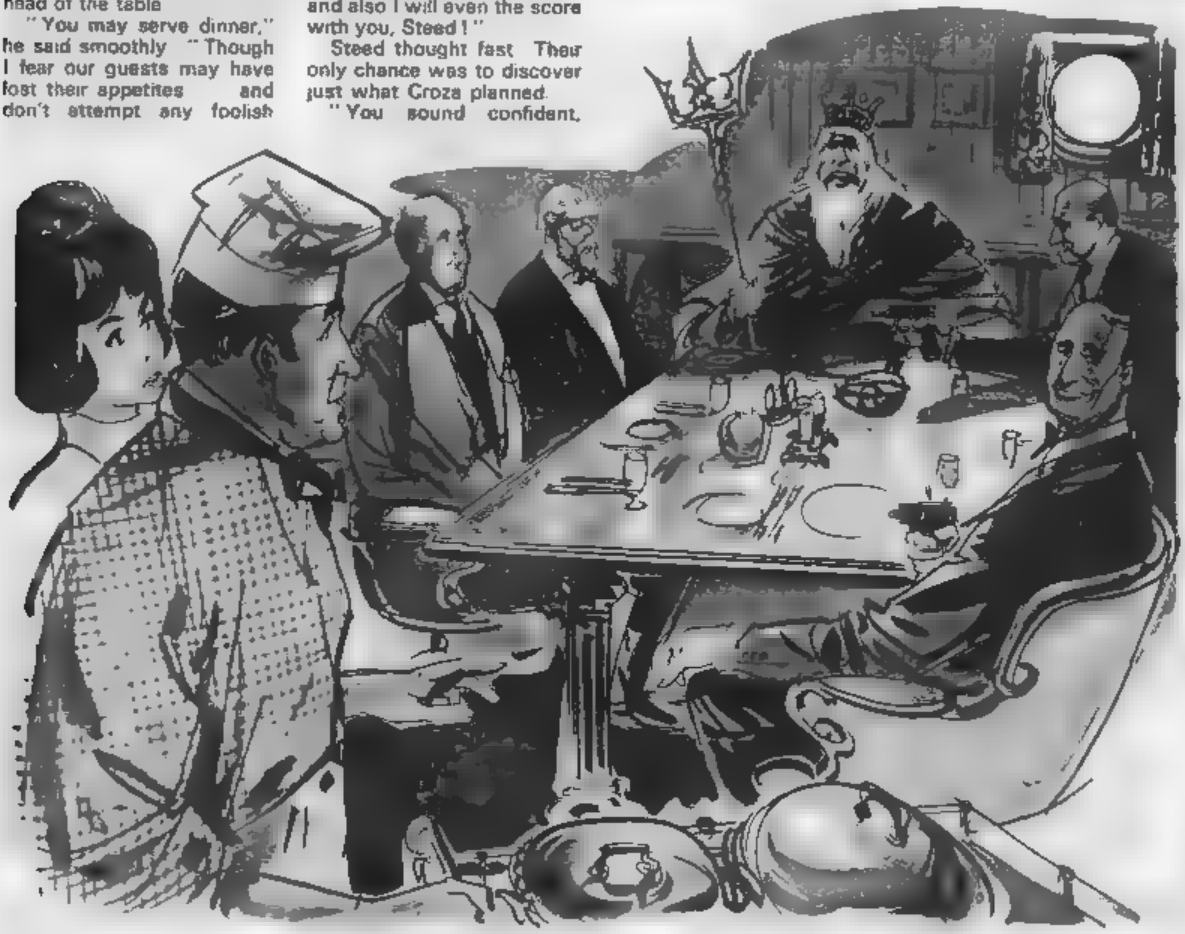
Steed frowned. "Then it's just a clever dummy?" he queried.

"By no means," said Croza proudly. "This little toy is a rather special time-bomb. In six hours time it will broadcast a tape-recorded distress signal, and then... *Boom*! The whole yacht will be blown into countless pieces."

Croza paused and smiled bleakly at Tara.

"Don't worry, my dear," he gloated. "We won't be aboard at the time, but the authorities won't know that. When they answer the distress call and find only wreckage, they will assume we have been lost in a tragic accident. Nobody will think to look any further for the professor and doctor."

Just then, the throb of the yacht's engines died to



silence.

"Ah!" said Croza. "we have reached the end of our journey. It is time to leave this ill-fated ship.'

When they reached the deck they found the yacht had hove-to off a grim, wind-swept island, and Croza ordered them all to embark in the lifeboat which had already been launched.

One man went below to start the yacht's engines again, then he too joined the others in the lifeboat and they cast off.

Slowly, the yacht began to move out into deep water. Like a ghost ship, with nobody on the bridge, it vanished into the night.

"The captain and crew are still aboard!" gasped Tara in horror.

"Unfortunate for them," said Croza coldly, "but they would have been a nuisance to look after, and we have fixed the yacht's steering, it will sail itself out into the Atlantic.'

They rowed in, and within a few minutes had landed on a rocky, lonely beach. Carefully the men unloaded a radio transmitter that had been brought from the ship.

Croza gave a curt order and his men formed the prisoners into line. Then they set off, stumbling and slipping, on a steep path up the frowning face of the cliff.

They came out on a headland, and nearby was a large, ivy-clad, stone house that was crumbling with the decay of time. It stood gaunt and stark against the skyline, but close by it was a cottage with a light burning cheerfully in a window.

Croza nodded to two of his men. "Collect the old man from the cottage,' he ordered. "We can't allow him to interfere with our plans.

The cottage was the home of Angus McGill, an old crofter, and the only remaining inhabitant of that lonely island. He was startled when a knock came at the door.

Lamp in hand, he opened the door and peered out into the darkness. For a moment it seemed nobody was there. Then, as he took a pace forward, a gun was thrust against his side and a harsh voice growled:

"Just do as you're told, Grandad—I can't miss at this range!"

The rugged old crofter was led over to where Croza and the others were still waiting.

'Losh!" he protested bitterly. 'Ye wicked lot! I'll have the law on ye for this!"

But Croza gave a cruel laugh.

'You may find that difficult where you are going, old man," he sneered, "but come, we are wasting time!"

He led the way to where a large old well, dark with moss, disappeared into the blackness of the earth.

"What happens now?" demanded Steed.

"The parting of the ways," replied Croza in an acid voice. "We wait in the house till it is time to signal to a foreign submarine that is coming to collect the scientists. But you and your friends go down the well!"

By then, one of the men had fixed a rope ladder in place and motioned Tara to descend.

"Don't worry, Miss," he growled. "You won't drown. The well has been dry for years.'

One by one, the prisoners were forced down into the shaft of the well. Steed was the last to go.

"When the submarine arrives, said Croza gleefully, we will allow the scientists to come up. But you others will have a long, long wait, I'm afraid. Goodbye, Steed—I hope you enjoy your stay.'

Steed climbed down and the ladder was drawn up. Fortunately, both he and Tara had pocket-torches, but the beams of light revealed a grim sight. Smooth stone walls rose on all sides to an arch far above their heads.

"The perfect prison," groaned Tara. "Without that ladder there's no way out!'

'Aye," said McGill gloomily. "We're here to stay, lassie, an' there'll be naebody to look after ma wee hives o' bees, I'm thinking!'

But Steed was already kneeling down and carefully examining the earth floor.

"Dig!" he exclaimed suddenly. "Dig here, where the gravel is damp."

With that he started scraping out handfuls of gravel.

"This well must once have been fed by an underground-spring," he panted. "When the spring dried up maybe it left a tunnel where it flowed.'

That set them all busily digging, and soon they were rewarded when the earth suddenly caved in to reveal the dry bed of a stream which formed a natural tunnel they could just manage to crawl through.

Their journey through the long dark hole was painful and difficult, but at last they were once again out in the night air.

"So far so good," said Steed, "but now, how do we tackle friend Ludovick? His men won't hesitate to shoot."

"We'll be stirring up a hornet's nest if we're not careful," said Tara anxiously.

Steed looked up sharply. 'Hornets!" he exclaimed. "Hornets... Bees! By jove, Miss King, you've given me an idea. We'll use Angus McGill's little winged friends to help us."

With that he led the way to the crofter's cottage, explaining his plan of campaign as they went.

Within minutes, they were clad in bee-keeper's hats, which had nets hanging from them to protect their faces and necks, and thick leather gloves. Then, looking something like odd creatures from another planet, they made their way to a long row of white-painted beehives.

Following McGill's instructions, they gently collected handfuls of drowsy bees and carefully packed them into a paper bag.

"These little beauties won't come to any harm, chuckled Steed, "but they'll be hopping mad to be woken from their nice night's sleep."

Then they crept quietly back to the old house, and Tara had no trouble climbing the ivy-clad walls to the roof. Carefully, she hauled up a basket containing the bag filled with sleeping bees.

Meanwhile, Steed and the others had moved round to the front of the building.

"Och! It's verra quiet in yon house," remarked Angus, as they took up their positions.

"It won't be in a moment, when Tara delivers our bee-bomb,' laughed Steed softly.

At that moment, Tara was holding the bag of bees over the top of a wide chimney pot.

'Happy landings and get busy, bees!" she whispered as she let go.

Croza and his gang were passing the time playing

cards when suddenly, with a dull thump, the large bag landed in the empty fireplace and burst open.

There was a loud, angry buzz, and the next moment the room was filled with bees flying in all directions.

"Ooo . . . *ouch!*" bellowed Croza. "Help—I've been stung!"

But his panic-stricken cries were lost in the wild uproar. Tables and chairs crashed over as the gang made a mad rush for the door.

What happened next made Steed and his band howl with laughter. The stillness of the night was shattered by a wild chorus of shrieks and yells. Then the front door burst open and men came tumbling out to perform a strange war dance on the [redacted].

Hopping, skipping and waving their arms like windmills, they fled from clouds of very indignant bees that were in hot pursuit.

While Steed dashed after Croza, Angus McGill charged into action, laying about him on all sides with a heavy, knobbly stick he had picked up, and uttering strange and terrible highland war cries.

Professor Lovegrove and Doctor Pilkington were not skilled in combat, but they had placed a piece of rope carefully in position across a path. As one of the thugs blundered forward they jerked it tight at ankle height. The crook was neatly tripped, and fell forward with a great thump that knocked the wind from him. Highly pleased with their victory the two scientists promptly sat on the hapless villain and, ignoring his groans and gasps of protest and the battle raging around them, started a deep discussion on a most complicated mathematical problem.

Meanwhile Steed had Croza cornered, but the master of crime was not the man to surrender easily. Turning at bay, he snatched a gun from his pocket and aimed the wicked muzzle straight at Steed.

Steed froze in his tracks and for one dreadful moment watched helplessly as Croza's finger tightened on the trigger.

Then, suddenly, the criminal's face twisted with agony.

"Yaroop . . . Wow!" he yelled. "Oooo . . . I've been stung again!"

The gun went spinning from his hand and the next moment he was clawing off his jacket.

"There . . . there's a bee crawling up my sleeve," he babbled in a panic-stricken voice. "Help—help me, for goodness sake!"

"Delighted to oblige, old prune," murmured Steed. "I think a general anaesthetic is what you need."

With that he slammed home a pile-driving punch to the crook's jaw and Croza went down for the count.

When Steed hauled his prisoner back to the house he found the fierce old crofter had the rest of the gang rounded up. They looked very sorry for themselves, and were far too busy nursing sore stings to offer further fight.

Still grumbling, the bees droned away to their hives, and thankfully Steed removed his bee keeper's hat and face-net.

"Professor Lovegrove — Doctor Pilkington," he chuckled. "I think you had better get off that gentleman you are sitting on. He seems to have turned a rather unhealthy colour."

"Bless my soul, so he has," said the Professor in a rather absent - minded voice as he stood up. "I really hadn't noticed the poor chap couldn't breathe."

Just then Tara came out of the house.

"I've used Croza's radio to contact Mother," she reported. "A naval helicopter has been sent to look for the yacht, and Mother is coming out in a destroyer just in case that submarine is lurking around."

An hour later the British destroyer reached the island and Mother came ashore.

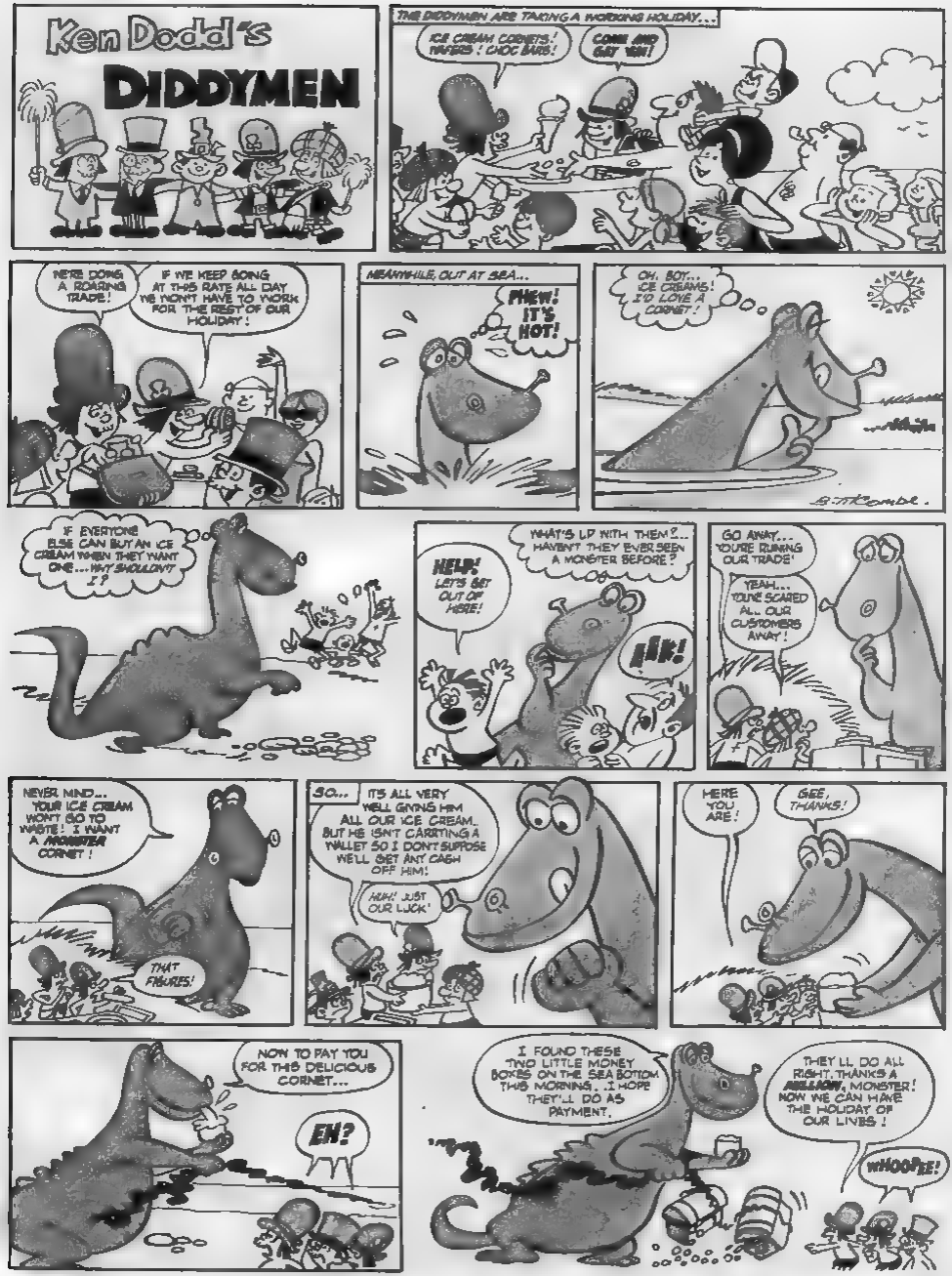
"The yacht has been found," he snapped. "The captain and crew are safe, and that bomb has gone where it won't do any harm."

"Splendid!" said Steed. "If you will take charge of Croza and his men, perhaps *now* we can go on holiday?"

"Holiday!" gasped Mother. "When you've just been on a delightful pleasure cruise! Good heavens—you'll be asking for danger money next!"

"Oh, well . . ." sighed Tara. "It was a nice idea while it lasted. What assignment are you giving us now, Mother?"

ARTHUR!
and his Square Knights of the Round Table
ARTHUR IS SPENDING THE DAY AT THE SEASIDE...
OH, BOY! WHAT A BEAUTIFUL DAY FOR A PEACEFUL SPOT OF SUNBATHING!
BUT BARON BROADBASE IS ON HOLIDAY TOO...
CHARGE!
AARGH! IT'S HIM!
HAW! HAW!
OOPH! AR!
TRAMPLE
THUNDER
I'LL GET EVEN WITH YOU FOR THIS, GAWP!
HAR! HAR!
LATER...
THIS IS WHERE I GET MY REVENGE ON BROADBASE!
HAW! HAW!
HE! HE!
BOP BOP
THAT'LL TEACH YOU - HA! HA! HA!
AWK!
SLAM
HAW! HAW! HAW! HOW FUNNY! HE! HE!
FUME!
BAM
COP THAT!
URK!
CLUMP!
THIS IS BETTER THAN PUNCH AND JUDY!
OOPH!
REAL SCRAP OH BOY!
BAH! THOSE TWO ARE TAKING MY TRADE AWAY!
HURRAH!
BAM!
WHOOPEE!
CAN I HAVE A WORD WITH YOU AND YOUR FRIEND FOR A MOMENT?
EH? I SUPPOSE SO!
BAM
SOUNDS ALL RIGHT TO ME!
ME TOO... WE'LL DO AS YOU ASK!
WHISPER! WHISPER!
SO... THIS WAY WE CAN CONTINUE OUR FIGHT AND GET A CUT OF THE PROFITS HE! HE!
AR!
POINK
BUSINESS IS BACK TO NORMAL THANK GOODNESS! HE! HE!
AWK!
BONK!
CRANK CRANK


Ken Dodd's
DIDDYMEN
THE DIDDYMEN ARE TAKING A WORKING HOLIDAY...
ICE CREAM CORNETS! TWIRLS! CHOC BARS!
COME AND GET 'EM!
WE'RE DOING A ROARING TRADE!
IF WE KEEP DOING AT THIS RATE ALL DAY WE WON'T HAVE TO WORK FOR THE REST OF OUR HOLIDAY!
MEANWHILE, OUT AT SEA...
PHEW! IT'S HOT!
OH, BOY... ICE CREAMS! I'D LOVE A CORNET!
B. Bamber.
IF EVERYONE ELSE CAN BUY AN ICE CREAM WHEN THEY WANT ONE... WHY SHOULDN'T I?
HELP! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
WHAT'S UP WITH THEM?... HAVEN'T THEY EVER SEEN A MONSTER BEFORE?
EEK!
GO AWAY... YOU'RE RUINING OUR TRADE!
YEAH... YOU'RE SCARED ALL OUR CUSTOMERS AWAY!
NEVER MIND... YOUR ICE CREAM WON'T GO TO WASTE! I WANT A MONSTER CORNET!
THAT FIGURES!
SO... IT'S ALL VERY WELL GIVING HIM ALL OUR ICE CREAM. BUT HE ISN'T CARRYING A WALLET SO I DON'T SUPPOSE WE'LL GET ANY CASH OFF HIM!
HUH! JUST OUR LUCK!
HERE YOU ARE!
GEE, THANKS!
NOW TO PAY YOU FOR THIS DELICIOUS CORNET...
EH?
I FOUND THESE TWO LITTLE MONEY BOXES ON THE SEA BOTTOM THIS MORNING. I HOPE THEY'LL DO AS PAYMENT.
THEY'LL DO ALL RIGHT, THANKS A MILLION, MONSTER! NOW WE CAN HAVE THE HOLIDAY OF OUR LIVES!
WHOOPEE!

BASIL BRUSH goes RENT COLLECTING

CASTLE BONUS

£5 £10 £15 £20

£25

Collect Village rent from Diddymen

£10

Collect £10 Store rent

£10

Diddymen's House collapses Go back to start

£5

Collect £5 from Beetle Bailey

£15

Refund Collect £15

Mighty Moth eats Basil's cloak Move back six spaces

KEYSTONE JAIL

Collect £10 rent from Keystone Kops

Go to jail Miss two spins

£20

Tax refund Collect £20

Land Rent

£15

Popeye feeds Basil Move forward eight spaces Pick up rent

TV Trrors direct Bas' Bush wrongly Go back ten spaces

Old Debt settled Collect £20

£20

£5

Fishing in moat Collect £5 fine

Avoid Tardis Move back eight spaces

£25

Pick up rent

Laurel & Hardy pay month's rent in advance Collect £25

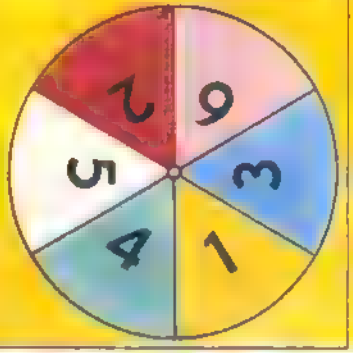
£25

RULES

For two to four players. Place the 15 rent squares on their marked positions. Each player moves according to spin collecting rent cards on his way. First to reach castle collects additional £20 bonus, next arrival £15, then £10, last player £5. Player with the largest added rent wins game

Stick or trace on to thin cardboard and cut out. Push matchstick through spinner centre to make top.

£5	£10	£15	£20	£25
£5	£10	£15	£20	£25
£5	£10	£15	£20	£25



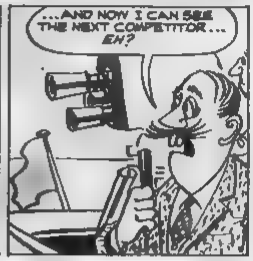
TV Terrors

HEY, THEY'RE TELEVISING WATER SKI-ING FROM SHELLSEA BAY THIS AFTERNOON!
THIS IS OUR CHANCE TO GET ON TV! I'LL FETCH OUR COSTUMES!

BUT...
HUH! WE'VE GOT A PAIR OF WATER SKIS, BUT WE'VE NO MONEY FOR A BOAT!
NEVER MIND! I HAVE AN IDEA!
MOTOR BOATS £1

MEANWHILE...
GOOD AFTERNOON, FOLKS! HERE WE ARE AT SHELLSEA BAY TO WATCH WATER SKI-ING!

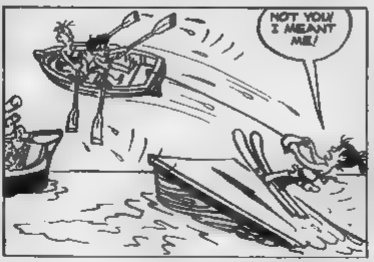
A WONDERFUL JUMP!

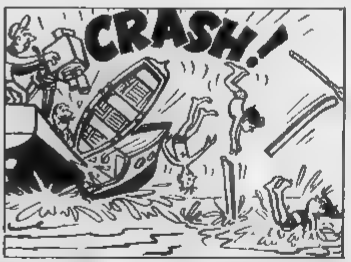

...AND NOW I CAN SEE THE NEXT COMPETITOR... EH?

THIS IS GREAT!

FASTER! FASTER!
SKYLARK

NOW LET'S GO UP THE RAMP!


NOT YOU! I MEANT ME!


CRASH!

I'M SORRY, VIEWERS – OWING TO A SLIGHT TECHNICAL HITCH, WE WON'T BE ABLE TO SHOW YOU ANY MORE WATER SKI-ING!

DID YOU HEAR THAT, UNA?
YES! NEVER MIND...

I LIKE THESE UNDER-WATER PROGRAMMES!

Pick of the HOLIDAY JOKES

SKIPPY the bush kangaroo

SKIPPY AND HER FRIENDS, MATT, MARK SONNY AND JERRY ARE ON HOLIDAY NEAR SYDNEY, AND MATT DECIDES TO TAKE THEM INTO A FAIRGROUND. INSIDE THERE IS A COCONUT SHY RUN BY TWO COMICAL CLOWNS KNOWN AS KOKO AND NUT?...
WIN A COCONUT FRIENDS. I'M KOKO AND HE'S THE NUT...
YEAH BUT I'M NOT THE NUT YOU THROW AT PALS THEY'RE ALL BACK THERE...
3 Throws for
SHY CLOWNS
I'LL HAVE A GO AT THIS!
I'M NO GOOD AT THIS. THAT'S MY LAST THROW
3 Throws
SQUEAK! SQUEAK!
GUESS SHE WANTS A GO HERSELF, SON...
KOKO
SAY, THAT'S AN IDEA. SHE CAN BANG THE BALL IN TH HER TAIL
SHY CLOWNS
SQUEAK!
GOOD OLD SKIPPY! SHE'S DONE IT FIRST TIME...

Norfolk International Films Ltd

BUT THE COCONUT EXPLODES...
OOOOH, IT'S A GAS BOMB...
AH-ASHOO!
IT WORKED, NUTTY SOMEBODY AT LAST HIT ONE OF OUR CAMOUFLAGED TEAR-GAS BOMBS...
'S' RIGHT, KOKO, NOW WE CAN GRAB THE CASH FOR THE WHOLE FAIRGROUND WHILE NOBODY CAN SEE US FOR TEARS
BEHIND THE COCONUT SHY AS KOKO AND NUT CRAWL OUT UNDER THE BACKFLAP...
THERE IT S, MATE, ALL THE CASH OF THE FAIR... YOU BREAK IN THE DOOR WHILE I GRAB THE MONEY...
BOX OFFICE
THAT'S THE LOT, NUT, NOW FOR A CLEAN GETAWAY...
ABOUT TIME MATE, I CAN HEAR POLICE SIRENS...
A POLICE CAR ARRIVES...
IT WAS THEM, SKIPPY! THEY DID IT! I SAW THEM PUTTING ON THEIR GAS-MASKS!
SQUEAK! SQUEAK!
... BUT THE POLICE ARE PUZZLED...
HEY, YOU! WHO BURST THAT TEAR-GAS BOMB TO COVER THE ROBBERY?
W-W-WELL, SIR, IT WAS MY FRIEND, SKIPPY, BUT... BUT...
DON'T TRY AN' KID ME, SON; THAT 'ROO COULDN'T HAVE PLANNED A JOB LIKE THIS... I'M GONNA ARREST YOU AND YOUR PALS ON SUSPICION...
POLICE
RUN, SKIPPY, RUN, FOLLOW THOSE CROOKS. YOU KNOW WHO THEY ARE!
SQUEAK! SQUEAK

HEY! WHAT GOES ON ? THAT 'ROO UNDERSTANDS WHAT YOU SAY TO HER.!
YUP, AND I'M GOING AFTER HER, TOO, OR THOSE CROOKS WILL GET CLEAN AWAY!
SKIPPY CAN STILL SEE THEM, SHE Wi... LEAD ME TO THOSE TRICKSTERS!
NEVER HEARD O' SUCH A THING ! CROOKS USING A KANGAROO... GOTTA GET 'EM BOTH...
SO THE POLICE CHASE SONNY AND SKIPPY, WHILE SKIPPY LEADS SONNY TO THE CROOKS...
TUNNEL of MYSTERY
ENTRANCE
THERE THEY ARE, THEY'RE DIVING INTO THE TUNNEL OF MYSTERY!
SQUEAK! SQUEAK!
LOOK OUT, SKIPPY ! THEY RE GOING TO SHOOT
THAT'S THE STUFF, SKIPPY ! KNOCK HIM OUT !
I DON'T LIKE GUNS, I M NOT GOING TO USE T UNLESS WE'RE IN REAL DANGER. IT'S THE OTHER MAN WE WANT, THE ONE WITH THE MONEY BAG
SQUEAK SQUEAK
GO ON AFTER HIM, SKIPPY, WHILE I TAKE TH S CROOK BACK TO THE POLICE !

THIS IS ONE OF THEM, OFFICER! THE ONE WITH THE MONEY IS STILL IN THE TUNNEL.. WITH SKIPPY HOT ON HIS TRAIL! SKIPPY WILL GET HIM, JUST YOU SEE.
BUT SKIPPY IS STARTLED BY THE OBJECTS IN THE TUNNEL...
EEEEK!
... AND SHE BANGS HER HEAD ON THE ROOF..
I DUNNO WHERE YOU COME FROM, BUT YOU'RE ON YOUR WAY OUT... AND FOR GOOD..
THIS IS WHERE I FINISH YOU, YOU LITTLE PEST. [redacted] HAVE NEARLY RUINED OUR PLAN!
SKIPPY'S STRONG TAIL SAVES HER.
OUCH!
SO WHEN SONNY AND THE POLICE ARRIVE...
YOU SURE WERE RIGHT, SON! THAT 'ROO KNOWS HER STUFF... THANKS TO YOU TWO WE HAVE THE CROOKS AND THE CASH!
I TOLD YOU, HE WOULDN'T GET AWAY FROM SKIPPY
SQUEAK! SQUEAK!

beetle bailey

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POPEYE
POPEYE, I WANTS A WORD FOR SOLE COMFORT AND IT HAS FOUR LETTERS.
WELL, THAT'S EASY, SWEE PEA! THINK KID. IT OFTEN GETS HOLES IN THE END.
HOLES? A FLUTE, A COLANDER? A BAD GOLFER?
I GOT IT, POPEYE. IT'S A PEAVY, RIGHT?
NO! NO, I'LL GIVE YA ANOTHER CLUE.
YA HANG IT UP FOR CHRISTMAS!
MISTLETOE? HOLLY? I'M NOT GOING TO GET IT, POPEYE.
SWEE PEA! HOW CAN YOU BE SO STUPID?
IT'S EASY. HE JUST HAS TO COPY YOU STUPID.
POPEYE! TELL ME, WHAT DOES YA HANG UP FOR CHRISTMAS?
HANG ON, K.O.! I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU THE ANSWER.
SOCK!
THAT'S THE WORD YOU WANT SWEE PEA.

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Mighty Moth

MY LAST SUIT RUINED! HOW CAN I KEEP HIM AWAY FROM THEM?

LATER...
HALLO-HERE'S MY OLD ARMY UNIFORM. IT DOESN'T FIT ME NOW. I'LL FEED HIM ON THAT!

HERE YOU ARE, MOTHY-- NOW YOU WON'T NEED TO EAT MY SUITS.

NO THANKS, DAD, I COULD NEVER EAT A UNIFORM OF THE BRITISH FORCES!

YOU COULDN'T?
THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!

VERY SMART, SIR, IF I MAY SAY SO!
SURPLUS STORES

HO! HO! HO! AT LAST I HAVE A SUIT THAT MIGHTY MOTH WON'T EAT!

GOOD AFTERNOON, SIR - I DIDN'T KNOW THERE WAS AN ADMIRAL IN TOWN!

I'M HOLDING A DINNER ABOARD MY SHIP TONIGHT, SIR,- PLEASE COME!
BUT... BUT...

WE'RE ONLY ANCHORED A HUNDRED YARDS OFF SHORE, SIR!

OH, DEAR... I FEEL PROPER POORLY!

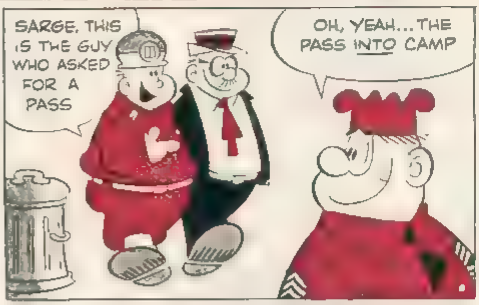
WHAT? BUT THE SEA'S LIKE A MILL POND! YOU'RE NO ADMIRAL!

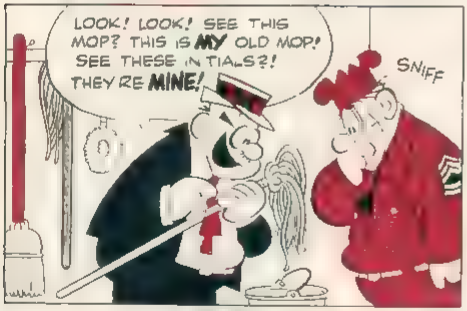
CLAP THAT IMPOSTOR IN IRONS!

HURRY UP, DAD -- THE CAPTAIN WANTS THOSE POTATOES PEELED FOR THAT DINNER YOU NEARLY WENT TO! HA! HA! HA!

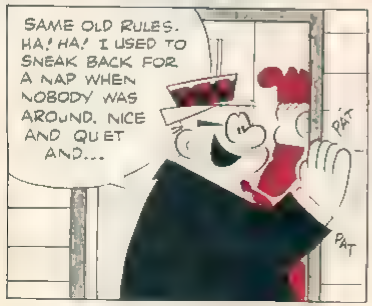
ARTHUR!
THE KING
NOTHING LIKE A NICE STROLL IN THE WOODS ON A SUNNY DAY!
JUST THEN...
GIVE IT TO HIM, LADS! HA HA!
THUD
HELP! IT'S BROADBRAIN!
AWK!
BONK
A LITTLE LATER...
IT'S NOT SAFE FOR PEOPLE TO GO WALKING IN THE WOODS THESE DAYS! (GROAN)
DIZZY
SO... YOUR TREE DISGUISE IS COMPLETE, SIRE!
GOOD! OPEN THE DRAWBRIDGE AND LET ME OUT OF THE CASTLE!
MINUTES LATER...
I SHOULD BE SAFE FOR A STROLL THROUGH THE WOODS DISGUISED AS A TREE! HE! HE!
SOMEBODY'S COMING! I'LL JUST STAND HERE AND BLEND IN WITH ALL THE OTHER TREES!
A SPOT OF TARGET PRACTICE IS WHAT WE NEED, BERT
OH, NO!
TWANG!
YOW
THWAK!
WHAT ON EARTH... A TREE THAT FEELS PAIN?
I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, BERT... THIS FORREST IS ALIVE!
HELP!
OW! YOW! OW! MUST GET RID OF THESE ARROWS!
HOP
HOP
BY GOLLY THAT WAS A NASTY EXPERIENCE!
SMART
OH, DEAR! SOMEONE ELSE IS COMING... I'D BETTER GET BACK INSIDE MY TREE INCASE IT'S BROADBRAIN!
SO... THIS TREE WILL MAKE GREAT FIREWOOD. I'LL USE MY TRUSTY AXE ON IT!
GULP!
WALKING IN A WOOD IS EVEN MORE DANGEROUS FOR TREES THAN IT IS FOR PEOPLE! I'M OFF!
EH?
ZOOM

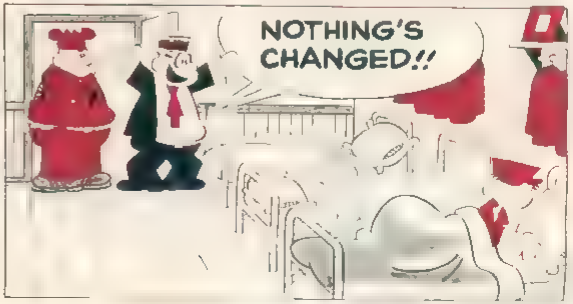
beetle bailey®





CAN I GO INTO MY OLD BARRACKS? I'D LIKE TO SEE MY OLD BUNK, THE THIRD ONE ON THE LEFT
NOBODY'S SUPPOSED TO GO IN AFTER THE FLOOR IS WASHED... BUT WE'LL MAKE AN EXCEPTION





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TV Terrors
LET'S SEE WHO'S GOT THE MOST TV AUTOGRAPHS, CUTHBERT?
WHAT ABOUT ME?
YOUR AUTOGRAPH BOOK'S EMPTY, SO YOU CAN'T PLAY!
IT'S NOT FAIR - I HAVEN'T GOT ANY AUTOGRAPHS JUST LATELY...
TO THE BEACH
IF ONLY I COULD GET JUST ONE GOOD ONE!
WHO'S THIS? IT CAN'T BE... IT'S BEBE SEETWO THE FAMOUS TV ACTRESS SHOOTING A SCENE ON THE BEACH!
OOO, MISS - PLEASE MAY I HAVE YOUR AUTOGRAPH?
CERTAINLY! WHERE'S YOUR BOOK AND PENCIL?
OH, I'VE LEFT THEM AT HOME!
I'M AFRAID I'VE NO PAPER OR PENCIL!
PERHAPS THIS WILL DO!
Bebe Seetwo
GOSH, HOW WONDERFUL! I'VE GOT HER AUTOGRAPH!
BUT HOW DO I GET IT HOME?
LUCKY I FOUND THIS SACK AND SPADE...
...NOW I CAN CARRY IT HOME!
BACK HOME...
WHAT'S HE DOING WITH THAT SACK?
LATER...
HERE IT IS... LET'S CUT IT OPEN!
EEK!
YOU ROTTEN LOT, YOU'VE RUINED MY AUTOGRAPH OF BEBE SEETWO!

DOCTOR WHO

THE TARDIS WHIRLS THROUGH TIME AND SPACE, CARRYING DR. WHO TO AN UNKNOWN DESTINATION. SUDDENLY IT MATERIALISES IN THE GROUNDS OF A MAGNIFICENT PALACE...
NEVER IN ALL MY TRAVELS THROUGHOUT THE UNIVERSE HAVE I LAID EYES ON A BUILDING OF SUCH MAGNIFICENCE!

HEINRICH KARL IS THE WEALTHIEST MAN IN THE UNIVERSE ... YOU HAVE LANDED ON HIS PROPERTY!
HMM!
I HAVE EVERYTHING... YET I AM ALWAYS BORED. I'VE NOT BEEN AMUSED FOR 10 YEARS.

© BBC tv 1969

JAMES WILL TEST THE SPEED OF YOUR REACTIONS BY SLICING AT YOU WITH HIS SCIMITAR... MAYBE IT WILL ENTERTAIN ME!
...YOU'LL BE LUCKY!
I'LL TAKE MY LEAVE... FAREWE...!
IT IS HOPELESS TO ATTEMPT ESCAPE!
THE DOCTOR IS IN FOR A SURPRISE... I'LL CHANGE THE DIRECTION OF THAT CORRIDOR! HEH! HEH!
GREAT POWERS! WHAT'S HAPPENED?... I'M HEADING FOR A HOLE IN THE ROOF!
THE TROLLY TAKES TO THE AIR...
WOA!... MISSILES... AND AIMED THIS WAY!
THE MISSILES 'HOME' ONTO THE TROLLY...
WHUMPH!
...BUT THE DOCTOR DROPS TO SAFETY...
THE GAME IS UP...
HEH! HEH! MOST ENJOYABLE... OH, MY WORD YES... HAVEN'T HAD SO MUCH FUN FOR A DECADE! HEH! HEH!
LOOKS LIKE I'VE HAD IT!
BUT HEINRICH KARL IS FULL OF SURPRISES...
YOU MAY GO...YOU ARE THE FIRST BEING TO BRING ME PLEASURE!
WELL I'LL BE...! WHAT A STRANGE FELLOW!

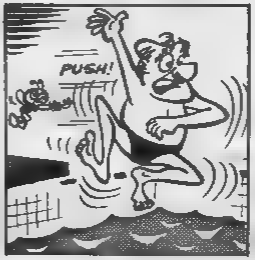
Mighty Moth

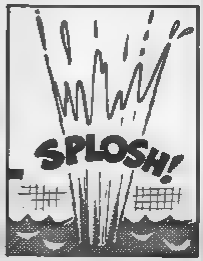
THERE'S NOTHING LIKE GETTING TO THE SWIMMING POOL EARLY — I'VE GOT IT ALL TO MYSELF!

I CAN'T TRUST MY SUIT IN THERE WITH MIGHTY MOTH AROUND!

TAKE THAT! AND IF YOU GO NEAR MY CLOTHES, YOU'LL GET ANOTHER ONE!
THONK!

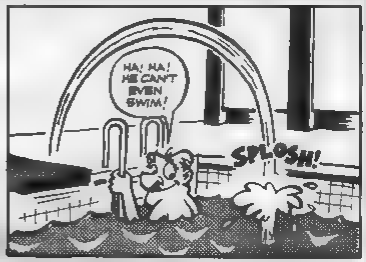
I WILL NOW DO A SWALLOW DIVE!


PUSH!


SPLOSH!

NOW I KNOW WHY THEY CALL IT A SWALLOW DIVE — YOU MUST HAVE SWALLOWED GALLONS!
GLUG!
SPLUTTER!

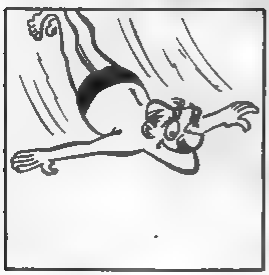
TWANG!


HA! HA! HE CAN'T EVEN SWIM!
SPLOSH!

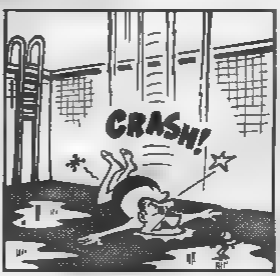
I THINK I'LL DO A DIVE OFF THE TOP BOARD!

MEANWHILE...

THIS'LL BE GOOD!



YA!


CRASH!

SORRY, DAD, BUT AS I CAN'T SWIM, I THOUGHT I'D LET THE WATER OUT AND HAVE A PADDLE!

POPEYE
OH BOY. THE FILM STAR HOMER SHERE- WILL BE AT THE FANCY DRESS BALL TOMORROW NIGHT.
RING!
DON'T BOTHER POPEYE. I'M GOING TO DANCE WITH A REALLY HANDSOME MAN AT THE BALL. FOR A CHANGE.
WELL BLOW ME DOWN STOP ADDING CLIVE I'LL PICK YA UP AT EIGHT!
ARE YA READY TO GO BABY?
I HAVE NEVER BEEN SO EMBARRASSED IN ME LIFE
OH YOU'RE MY FAVOURITE ACTOR
OH YOU'RE EVEN MORE HANDSOME THAN YOUR PICTURES
THANK YOU MISS OYL
NOW NOW! YOU'RE EMBARRASSING ME BY TAKING OFF YOUR MASK!
YOU BEAST! THAT'S MY MAN!
HA! HA!

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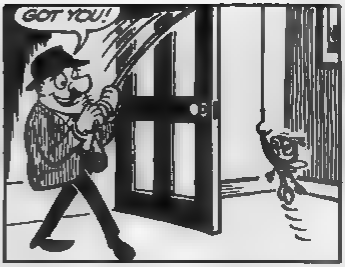
Basil Brush
AAAAAH! WHAT A LOVELY MORNING — OH, COME N CHUMMERS!
KNOCK! KNOCK!
GREAT FRIGHTENING FACES! YOU REALLY DO LOOK ROUGH IN THE MORNINGS, CHUMMERS.
NEEEEEEEEE!
GREAT GALLOPING GEE-GEES! THERE'S A HORSE IN MY BEDROOM, CHUMMERS!
I KNOW GUV... IT'S A STRAY... SNEAKED INTO THE HOUSE WHEN I WASN'T LOOKIN'... N'AND NOW I CAN'T GET RID OF H'IT!..
WELL. I M GOING TO GET RID OF IT ONCE AND FOR ALL... OPEN THE DOOR CHUMMERS!
RIGHT GUV... BUT I THINK HE ONLY WANTS TO BE FRIENDLY!
AHHH, GUV... I THINK HE LIKES YOU!..
IT'S NO GOOD, CHUMMERS... THIS PLACE JUST ISN'T BIG ENOUGH FOR THE TWO OF US OUT.
'THAT'S THAT' NOW PERHAPS I CAN HAVE MY BREAKFAST'
YES GUV... IT'S H'ON THE TABLE!
GREAT BOLTED BREAKFASTS THAT DASHED HORSE HAS EATEN IT ALL...!
I'VE A FEELING 'E LIKED IT 'ERE, GUV!
THERE'S NOTHING FOR IT... WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE H M OUT AND LOSE HIM... I'LL GET DRESSED!
RIGHT GUV... SEEMS A PITY THOUGH!
TWO HOURS LATER...
(WHEEEEW!) ISN'T THIS FAR ENOUGH, GUV? WE'VE COME MILES!
FASTER, FASTER CHUMMERS! 'I MAY TRY TO FOLLOW US. (PUFF! PANT!)
YES, CHUMMERS... NOW WHEN I SAY RUN... RUN...
AND BACK AT BRUSH MANOR...
(WHEW!) SAD TO LEAVE HIM LIKE THAT, BUT NOW PERHAPS HE'LL FIND HIS REAL OWNER!
YES, (PUFF!) GUV... I SUPPOSE SO... I HOPE HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT THOUGH.
RIGHT, GUV... BUT I FEEL H'ABIT SAD LEAVING HIM THERE! (PHEW!)
GREAT FOUR FOOTED FLIERS IT'S BACK WERE BEFORE US, AFTER ALL.
WELL, WHAT A TURN H'UP FOR THE BOOK, GUV!
WELL OLD FELLA, YOU OBVIOUSLY WANT TO STAY HERE, DO...
ERRRR! GUV' I THINK THIS MIGHT BE THE REAL OWNER... 'E LOOKS ANGRY ENOUGH!
CAUGHT YER' TRYING TO STEAL MY HORSE, EH?
HARDLY OLD CHAP' HE JUST SEEMS TO PREFER OUR COMPANY THAT'S A... ' PERHAPS WE CAN COME TO SOME SORT OF AGREEMENT!
WELL, I NEVER YOU SPENT ALL YOUR SAVINGS ON THAT 'ORSE... YOU'RE H EVEN MORE SOFT HEARTED THAN ME, GUV... HE! HE'
WELL IF HE ONLY CARRIES OUR SHOPPING FOR US, IT STILL MAKES GOOD 'HORSE SENSE'... HAW! HAW!

Mighty Moth

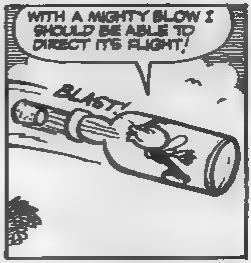
HMM! THIS PIECE OF TWEED LOOKS TASTY!

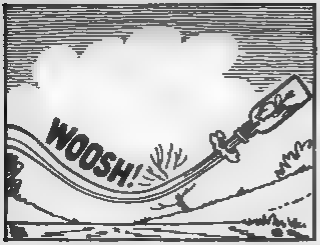

GOT YOU!

IT WON'T TAKE LONG TO DISPOSE OF YOU, PEST! TO THE RIVER!

WHEN I'VE GOT RID OF YOU I'LL DO SOME FISHING!

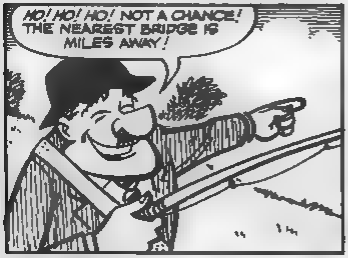
FAREWELL, OLD PAL!

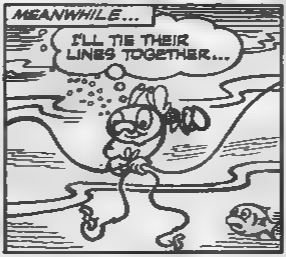

WITH A MIGHTY BLOW I SHOULD BE ABLE TO DIRECT IT'S FLIGHT!
BLAST!

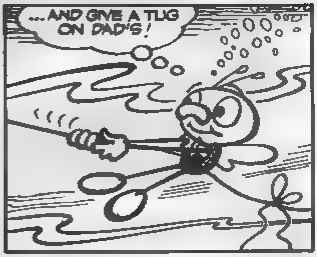

WOOSH!

FREE!
CRASH!

THROW A BOTTLE AT ME, EH? JUST LET ME GET MY HANDS ON YOU!


HO! HO! HO! NOT A CHANCE! THE NEAREST BRIDGE IS MILES AWAY!

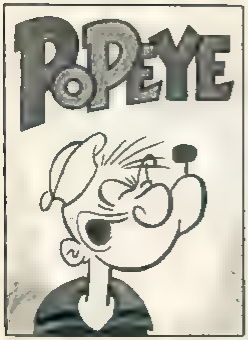

MEANWHILE...
I'LL TIE THEIR LINES TOGETHER...

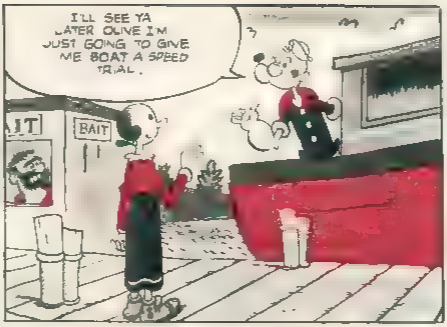

...AND GIVE A TUG ON DAD'S!

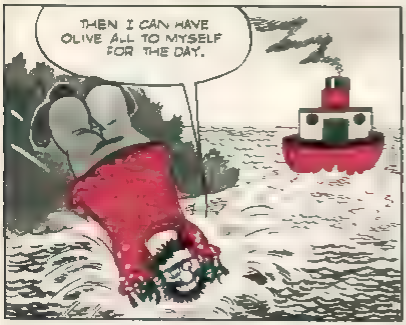
A BITE! I'VE GOT A BITE!

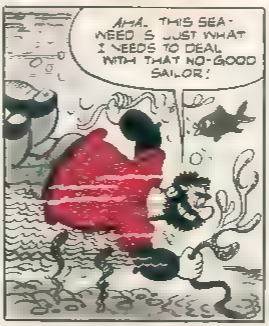
OH, NO!

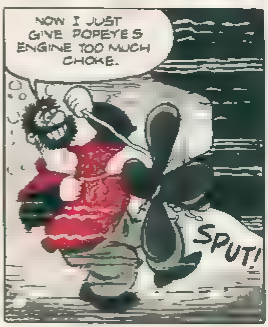
COP THAT ONE!
POOR OLD DAD! HE'S CAUGHT MORE THAN HE BARGAINED FOR! TEE-HEE!

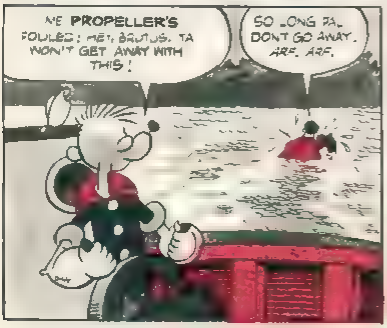


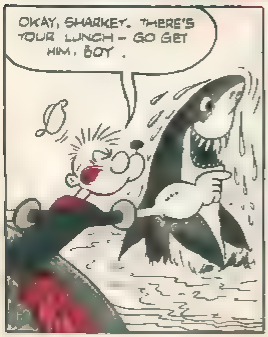












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TV Terrors
THEY'RE TELEVISING THE OPENING OF BRINEYSEA ILLUMINATIONS TONIGHT. WE MUST WATCH THAT!
BUT WE'LL MISS ALL THE PRETTY COLOURS. LET'S GO AND SEE THE REAL THING!
SO...
IT'S NEARLY DUSK— THE MAYOR WILL SOON BE SWITCHING THE LIGHTS ON!
BUT MEANWHILE, HOPPIT HAS ARRIVED TO HELP THE TV PRODUCER...
LEAVE IT TO ME, SAH! I'LL MAKE SURE THE CAMERAS HAVE PLENTY OF ROOM!
YOU LOT CAN CLEAR OFF FOR A START!
RUN! IT'S HOPPIT!
QUICK — UP HERE!
LIGHTING ENGINEER
HA-HA! THEY'RE TRAPPED!
C'MERE!
DUCK!
YIKES!
SNAP!
MEANWHILE...
I HEREBY DECLARE THE ILLUMINATIONS OPEN!
SWITCH
SO...
I JUST LOVE THE BUTTERFLY
...AND THE FAIRY IS WONDERFUL.
BUT OUR FAVOURITE IS THE MAN DOING THE TWIST AND SHAKE!
YOW!

Larry Harmon's

LAUREL and HARDY

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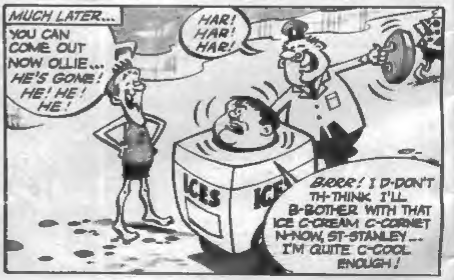

MUCH LATER...
YOU CAN COME OUT NOW OLLIE... HE'S GONE! HE! HE! HE!
HAR! HAR! HAR!
ICES
ICE!
BURR! I D-DON'T TH-THINK I'LL B-BOTHER WITH THAT ICE C-CREAM, C-CORNET N-NOW, ST-STANLEY... I'M QUITE C-COOL ENOUGH!

Mighty Moth

AT LAST I'VE GOT AWAY FROM THAT MOTH! NOW FOR A NICE QUIET PICNIC IN THE COUNTRY!
THIS LOOKS A NICE SPOT— I'LL LAY THE TABLE CLOTH!
OH, NO!
THAT WAS A NICE SNACK, DAD—IT'S GIVEN ME AN APPETITE!
BUT...
OUTA MY WAY, BUSTER! I SPY JAM!
EEK, A WASP!
BUZZ... BUZZ...
SPLOSH!
GO GET IT, BOY!
YOW!
YUMMY
WHOOSH!
HO! HO! HO!
LATER...
LUCKY I HAD A BIT MORE SPEED THAN THAT WASP. NOW I'LL GET BACK TO DAD!
AH-HA —! HE'S HAVING A NAP!
MUNCH MUNCH!
SO...
YOW! LOOK AT MY SUIT!
I CAN'T GO HOME LIKE THIS!
I KNOW, I'LL SWAP CLOTHES WITH THIS SCARECROW. HIS SUIT'S BETTER THAN MINE!
GOING SOMEWHERE?
I'LL LET YOU GO AFTER SUNDOWN, WHEN THE BIRDS HAVE GONE TO BED!
HO! HO! HO!

PIPPIN

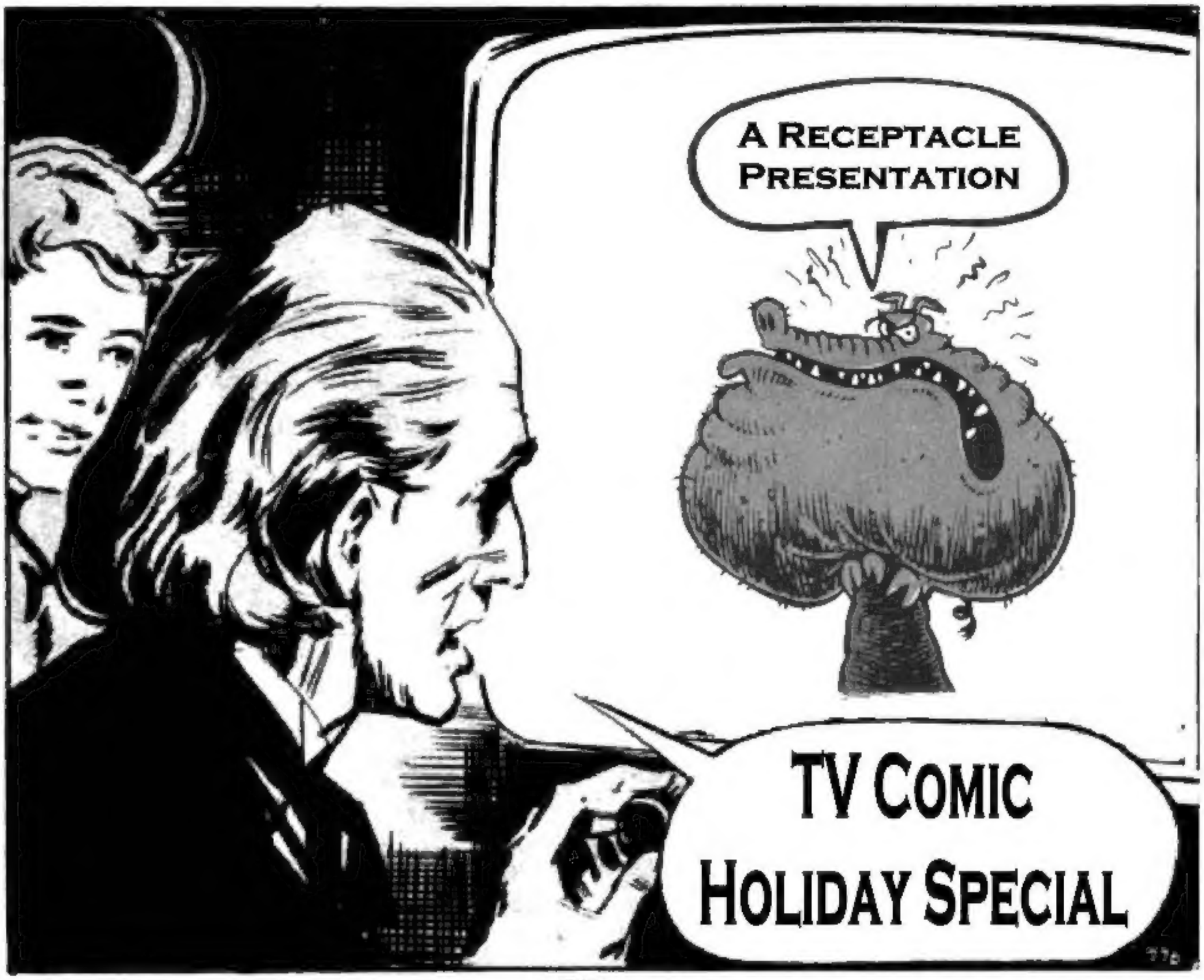
Don't forget to place an order with your newsagent for PIPPIN every week. It is packed with stories about all your favourite characters, including The Pogles, Joe, The Herbs, Bizzy Lizzy and many others. There are puzzles to do and pictures to colour. Every Monday. Price 7d.

Playland

You can read all about your favourite television characters, including Hector's House, Tingha and Tucker, Sooty and Sweep, Hatty Town and Camberwick Green. There are also lots of Puzzles and Pictures to Colour, every Monday in PLAYLAND. Price 7d.

TV COMIC

for the best in T.V. fun and thrills, including Tom & Jerry, Dr. Who, The Avengers, Skippy the Bush Kangaroo, Bob Monkhouse's 'Mad Movies', Basil Brush, Popeye and many others. On Sale every Monday, price 7d.



FEATURING, DR WHO, THE AVENGERS, KEN DODD'S DIDDYMEN
MIGHTY MOTH, BEETLE BAILEY, LAUREL AND HARDY
MAD MOVIES FT THE KEYSTONE COPS, TV TERRORS, POPEYE
BASIL BRUSH, ARTHUR
AND SKIPPY THE BUSH KANGAROO!